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Remember, Man

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The decline of George S. Kaufman—as a writer (his other powers are not only unimpaired but enhanced)—is not fit subject for levity here. Mr. Kaufman's newest bad play, *Fancy Meeting You Again*, written with his wife, Leueen MacGrath, makes (or rather, made: he was realist enough to close it forthwith) the mistake of assuming that the idea of reincarnation, the transmigration of souls, is automatically funny. It is not. I wouldn't for the world suggest any upheaval in Mr. Kaufman's domestic life. But I did like him better when he was married to Mr. Hart.

Dear Barbarians, a comedy by one Lexford Richards, was acclaimed by the local Archers as a fine, promising thing. I was most interested in a group of blue-coated musicians who inhabited the Stage Left box and played atonal entr'acte music. It didn't have any connection with the play; it turned out that Mr. Richards had himself written the music and had decided that, now that he had us there, we were going to witness everything he could do. I checked in the lobby going out, but there wasn't any exhibition of water colors. I guess Mr. Richards doesn't paint.

Oh, yes. *The Merry Widow* was here. It featured, as Danilo, one Marcel LeBon, whom the Shuberts introduced gravely as a *jeune chanteur francais*. It closed, after the first week. And Cornelia Otis Skinner was here, too. And, as I have implied, *The Student Prince* was here, in its Positively-Farewell-Engagement. Twice, within the month. Also, *A Month of Sundays* and *Curtain Going Up*. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*.

Remember, Man

● Joseph McLean

In hop-scotch time we met the morning sun,
Like tiny specks of dust in a beam of light;
And in our brilliance nothing seemed so right,
Till evening came and ended our brief run.

We are at rest now, mingled with the dust
That lies on floors, no more to play again;
Unless—unless some uncalled breath shall flame,
And we are kissed by its sweet light. It must . . .

It must.